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I HAVE A HOME.

Thou innocent and young in years,
 Thou hast not felt the thorn of pain
 Press rudely on thy bosom's peace,
 Nor known the sun of gladness wane
 Its beam of soft infantine joy,
 Nor dimmed its wreath of pleasantries;
 And thou art gentle as yon dove,
 And fair as that pure lily's bloom,
 And life's gay morn no sorrow brings,
 Within thy home!

Bright thing of hope! come tell to me
 The dreams thou cherishest within;
 The dawn, the spring-tide of thy day,
 Do whispering, floating breezes win,
 With tone of angel watchfulness,
 Thine heart, by promise of a ray
 Of light divine, unfading still,
 Calm as the changeless blue skies' dome?
 Aye! smile in hope, whilst joy is thine—
 Blest in a home!

I've gazed upon the winter clouds
 When surcharged with the sweeping blast,
 When driving snows relentless wrapped
 Green Nature in a dreary waste—
 And I have seen the full round tear
 Flow from thy mellowed eye, when happed
 The wanderer, halt, decrepid, blind,
 The hoary wretch of storm and gloom,
 To pass. Then happy have we deemed
 Our humble home!

And I am young—yea, very young!—
 But not, like thine, my brow unclouded.
 Oh! even from my cradle, I
 Have felt my budding hopes enshrouded.
 A tinting melancholy hung
 Round e'en my baby bosom's sigh:
 Yet whilst the flowers of youth expand,
 And birds of promise round me come,
 My soul in sickness turns away—
 Earth is no home!

It is a scene of turmoiled strife,
 Its brightest hopes are rife with fears;
 Its flowers are fadeul!—pleasures brief—
 Its joys are born of guilt and tears!
 And mischief lurks with meddling spleen,
 And wreaking slander rends repose!
 I've watched the ways of man, and wept
 His sunshine should be crossed with gloom;
 And wistfully I've prayed to gain
 The spirit's home!

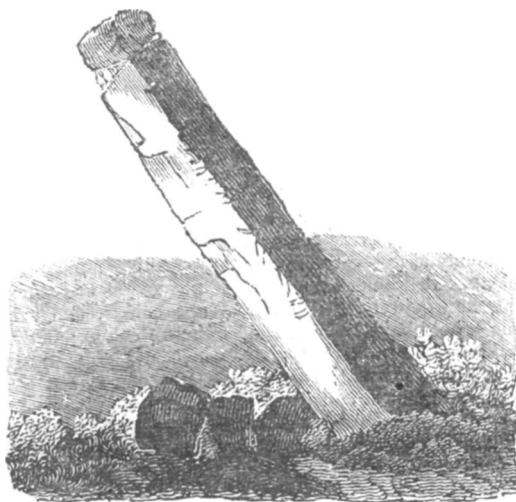
But e'en when busy malice starts
 From its dark couch of short repose—
 When some false friend, with falser heart,
 Around my name some slander throws—
 E'en then, unconscious of its harming,
 I feel a hope beyond the grave—
 My harrowed mind with patience arming,
 I upward glance on heaven's fair dome,
 And think, beyond its arching clouds
 I'll find a home!

This then, my gentle one, is hope!
 Still independent of the wrong
 A vicious world will ever fling
 To mar the soul's seraphic song!
 Thou fair in youth! unversed in art!
 Dost smile to hear life hath its sting.
 And smile young bud! I too will smile!
 For even on earth joys round me bloom:
 Parents who love, and sisters fond,
 Are friends of home!

ANOLINA.

COMPARATIVE EXTENT OF THE PRODUCTIVE
SOIL OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

Scotland and Ireland are very nearly of the same extent, the area of the former, with its islands, being about 30,000, and that of Ireland about 31,000 square miles. Land is of value, however, only for what grows on it, or lies under it, and a large portion of Scotland is so destitute of mineral and vegetable wealth, that the real superiority of Ireland is very great. Sir John Sinclair estimates the productive soils of Scotland at 5,000,000 of acres out of 19,000,000, or very little more than one-fourth. In a Parliamentary Report the bogs and mountains of Ireland are estimated at 2,330,000 acres, and the arable land at 18,107,000. The productive soil of Ireland is, therefore, to that of Scotland as three and a half to one.



OLAN'S TOMB.

"Behold a monument of huge grey stone that marked a hero's tomb."

It is now many years since I took the above sketch. Having business to transact in the County of Cork, during my stay there I paid a visit to a place called Aghabullogue, East Muskerry, to view a famous stone, much revered by the peasantry about that neighbourhood, called "Olan's Tomb." It is not now in the same position as when the sketch was taken. The man who brought me there, and related its wonders, dug round its base, and raised it nearly upright. His so doing discovered an inscription, written in the Ogham, or old Irish, character. This inscription, and that on the upper part of the stone, I was unable to decypher. The stone stands about eight feet high, exclusive of the round stone resting on the top, which the guide called "Olan's cap." The inscriptions are written on two sides, the angle serving as the branch line on which the Ogham character was usually written. Olan's cap seems to be only part of a much larger one, a fracture being visible. It is an object of much veneration amongst the peasantry, who believe if it were removed, no matter to what distance, it would return to its former station of its own accord. Their practice, however, is very much against this belief of its miraculous powers, as they have supported it with small stones to prevent its falling. Both the stone and the cap are believed to possess many medicinal qualities. If a person carry the cap on his or her head round the chapel three times, saying Paternosters, they will be infallibly cured. The belief of this, however, I reserve to myself.

PHILO-HIBERNICA.

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